

Allure

Adrian Potter

Sometimes it all seems faint. The dash light, the floral pattern of a sundress, the unexplained full-moon effect of her swaying backside. Even her eyes make contact nonchalantly, indifferently. Before I know it, she becomes the patron saint of impending disasters. Of unanswered prayers and foolish intimacies. Excuses become wet and sloppy on my tongue like candy. Just in case, I carry bail money in my wallet, apologies in the back of my throat. Rosaries and roadmaps in my glove compartment. In the fever of her clutch, every moment feels decisive, divisive, deceptive. My mouth is careful not to riot.